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I dream of Succubi



25 0 2

Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

Some people lie awake at night, praying to find the one they love. Some people beg for new baubles and toys for Christmas. Me? I dream of a succubus. Dangerous creatures, horrid beasts they are- but it would be intriguing to meet one. They say if you wish hard enough upon a star, that wish will come true. I've been trying my hardest, wishing and wishing. After all, what harm could a little hope do?

There's been an uneasy air about this night. It feels like someone is staring, but I know that can't be it. I live in the middle of nowhere- a grand house swallowed up by the immense amount of greenery that flourishes in this "Sunny Valley." The nights are clear and warm, the days bright and even warmer. It never seems to be too unpleasant. But there's an awkward sense of peculiarity tonight. There's not a creature to be heard, which is odd. Not even the pesky crickets chirped by the pond. There isn't a glow-bug in sight. Why did the world go quiet on this summer's night?

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